

“Don’t Shake my Bootie, Rudy”

By

Mary Engquist

©2012 “Don’t Shake my Bootie, Rudy”  
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(Characters -- Rudy and Bootie, the puppets, and a human teacher. Any kind of puppet characters would work very well.)

(Props: Record or CD of Taylor Swift singing “Love Story.” A microphone. A curtain. A scarf around Bootie’s neck with a metal band.)

**BOOTIE**

Do, re, mi, fa, so, la, it, do. Re-re-re, do, do (You can repeat this. She is trying to sing a high pitch voice. Do-do the higher she goes.)

**RUDY**

(Comes in holding his ears.)

Help, help, you sound like you got your finger on a blackboard. That is terrible, Bootie.

**BOOTIE**

Oh, you have not heard nothing yet. Wait until I am a perfectionist.

**RUDY**

You will never be a perfectionist! I don’t think that day will ever come. It wouldn’t be so bad if you could carry a tune, but from what I hear you squeak on every note.

**BOOTIE**

That is only your opinion. Why my teacher says that I sing beautifully.

**RUDY**

Yea, right

**BOOTIE**

Just hang in here. She will be coming any minute for my voice lessons.

**RUDY**

The best thing she could do for you is give yourself a new voice that could carry a tune.

**BOOTIE**

Well, I will have you know that I am taking my singing lessons very seriously so there! Ha, ha.

**RUDY**

Well, I have had a change of heart. Let me help you learn how to sing. After all, I sang in the church choir.

**BOOTIE**

You would really help me?

## **RUDY**

Why of course. So let's get started before your teacher gets here, and oh, boy, will she be surprised.

Okay, Bootie, watch and listen to me. And do exactly what I do.

(Bootie copies his every move in the following scene.)

(He straightens up his body and starts singing and moving his hands all different ways on each note, like dancing.)

|    |  |
|----|--|
| Do | (Makes a face using his hands and wiggles his body.)             |
| Re | (Smiles big and makes faces, and wiggles whole body.)            |
| Mi | (Sticks his tongue out and wiggles.)                             |
| Fa | (Reaches for the sky with his hands.)                            |
| So | (Does the twist, while his voice is getting higher, and higher.) |
| La | (Does exercises.)  |
| Ti | (Covers his mouth and tries to sing at a very high note).        |
| Do |  |

## **BOOTIE**

Hey, wait a minute. Why all the movements? We suppose to use our voice, not our body.

**RUDY**

No, that is why you cannot sing, you need to put your whole body into it. It must come from the bottom of your feet to the top of your head and out of your mouth and your hands and all your body.

**BOOTIE**

I got it.

**RUDY**

I hope so for here comes your teacher.

(Teacher walks into the room and looks at Bootie.)

**TEACHER**

My, my, Bootie, you look like you have been running a marathon. You know, like you're out of breath.

(Bootie is having trouble catching her breath. She is breathing real heavy now.)

**BOOTIE**

No, I, I know but, oh, no, I have just been singing from my head to my toes.

(She is out of breath when she answers.)

**TEACHER**

And what are you doing here, Rudy?

**RUDY**

I , I was just trying to, to be helpful, that's all.

**TEACHER**

Well, let's hope you did not make her any worse than she is.

**BOOTIE**

What are you saying, Ms. Teacher? Why you told me I have a great chance of being another "Taylor Swift."

**TEACHER**

Yes, I did say that, but maybe in a different life time. I was hired by your father to let you think that you had a beautiful voice. I could hardly control my emotions when I realized how bad you sang. I told him I QUIT, and that is why I am here today. Besides I am in a concert Saturday night and don't have time for this.

(as she leaves the room.)

(Bootie, starts crying uncontrollable boo-hoo,  
boo-hoo.)

**RUDY**

Why it's alright Bootie, why that, that teacher is whacko.

(Rudy puts his arms around Bootie and she cries on his shoulders.)

**BOOTIE**

My career just went up in SMOKE. Oh my gosh, this must be a very bad nightmare.

**RUDY**

Hold that thought! Remember *Nightmare on Elm Street*?

**BOOTIE**

No, I was too young for those nightmares.

**RUDY**

That is not what I meant, but maybe you were too young for that show. Regardless, we shall prove that old teacher wrong.

**BOOTIE**

But how? Especially when it is true that I cannot sing.

**RUDY**

Not necessarily. I have a plan.

**BOOTIE**

And what is that plan, Rudy?

**BOOTIE**

Does that plan include me?

**RUDY**

Of course you are the plan. Now this is what we are going to do. (Rudy whispers in her ear.)

**RUDY**

Ms. Teacher just said she is in a concert on Saturday night. From what I hear she likes to drink her coffee cappuccino before each performance. It helps clear her throat out.

I will put bubbles in her coffee, and woo-la-la she will be blowing bubbles every time her mouth opens. When she runs off stage, you run on and start pretending to sing. I will put on a record of Taylor Swift, and all you have to do is mimic her song. Presto you're an instant movie star. Well, even if you don't mind being one for one night.

**BOOTIE---**

Not at all. And at least I will know how it feels to be one.

(Dim lights to show a different day. Now lights back on.)

**RUDY**

Gee, it is Saturday night already. I have the bubbles poured in her coffee cappuccino when she was not looking. Now get ready,



you're almost on. She will be singing in a minute.

### **TEACHER**

(Walks into room carrying her coffee and walks behind the half curtain. She takes a sip, and is blowing bubbles. Have the teacher stand behind the curtain and let someone blow the bubbles towards the top of the curtain while they are bent down. Then she can sing with a funny sound. She only does that for a minute and then runs off the stage. She is crying as she leaves.)

### **RUDY**

It worked, it worked! Now take your place on stage, girl. I will go get the record ready.

### **BOOTIE**

Here goes.

(She grabs the microphone and starts singing "Love Story" by Taylor Swift. While the song is playing she will mimic it. You don't have to play it all the way through. Save one half of it for the ending of story.)

### **RUDY**

I am so sorry, Bootie, the record player would not work. You lost your debut.

### **BOOTIE----**

No, I did not. Hey, look at all the crowd coming towards us.

**RUDY**

Who was singing that song for you?

**BOOTIE**

It was me.

**RUDY**

But, but you cannot sing that good.

**BOOTIE**

When I realized that the old music teacher made me wear that tight scarf around my neck with that band, I took it off. It was in my way. Then the words just poured out and I could carry a tune.

**RUDY—**

I'll bet she was jealous of your voice and made you wear that band so tight to keep you from singing. Look! You are a star. Here comes your fans.

**BOOTIE**

Hey, Rudy, are you for hire? I need you to stay with me. I want you to be my singing agent.

**RUDY**

I would love to be.

(They put their arms around each other as Rudy hands Bootie a pen to do autographs with.)

(Music starts playing again “Love Story”)

***THE END***